

AN :

EPISTLE

TO

Charles Montague Esq;

ON

His MAJESTY's

VOYAGE

TO

HOLLAND.

BY

Mr. *GEORGE STEPNEY.*

LICENSED Jan. 31. 1691

J. Frazer.



LONDON,

Printed for Francis Saunders, at the Blue Anchor in the Lower Walk of
the New Exchange, 1691.

AN
 EPISTLE
 TO
 CHARLES MONTAGUE ESQ:
 ON
 HIS MAJESTY'S
 VOYAGE
 TO
 HOLLAND.

BY
 MR. GEORGE STEPHEN.

LONDON: Printed for J. Fisher.



LONDON,
 Printed for Francis and John, at the Blue Anchor in the Lower Walk of
 the New Exchange, 1691.

[1]

A N

EPISTLE

T O

Charles Montague Esq;.

S I R,

Since you oft invite me to renew
An Art I've either lost, or never knew,
Pleas'd my past follies kindly to commend,
And fondly lose the Critick in the Friend ;
Tho' my warm Youth untimely be decay'd,
From Grave to Dull insensibly betray'd,
I'll contradict the Humour of the Times,
(Inclin'd to business, and averse to Rhimes)
And to obey the Man I love, in spite
Of the World's Geniis, and my own, I'll write.

But think not that I vainly do aspire
To Rival what I only would Admire,
The Heat and Beauty of your manly thought,
And Force like that with which your Heroe fought,
Like Sampson's Riddle is that powerful Song,
Sweet as the Honey, as the Lyon strong ;

A 2

The

The Colours there so artfully are laid,
 They fear no Lustre, and they want no Shade,
 But shall of writing a just model give,
 While *Boyne* shall flow, and *William's* Glory live.

Yet since his ev'ry Act may well infuse
 Some happy Rapture in the humblest Muse,
 Tho' mine despairs to reach the wondrous height,
 She prunes her pinnions, eager of the flight;
 The *King's* the Theme, and I've a *Subject's* Right:
 When *William's* Deeds, and rescu'd *Europe's* Joy
 Do ev'ry Tongue and ev'ry Pen employ,
 'Tis to think Treason sure to shew no Zeal,
 And not to Write is almost to Rebel.

Let *Albion* then forgive her Meanest Son,
 Who wou'd continue what her Best begun;
 Who, leaving Conquests and the Pomp of War,
 Wou'd sing the pious King's divided Care;
 How eagerly he flew when *Europe's* Fate
 Did for the Seeds of future Actions wait;
 And how two Nations did with Transport boast
 Which was belov'd, and lov'd the Victor most:
 How joyful *Belgia* gratefully prepar'd
 Trophies and Vows for her returning Lord;

How

How the *Fair Isle* with rival passion strove,
 How by her Sorrow she exprest her Love,
 When He withdrew from what his Arm had free'd,
 And how she blest his way, yet sigh'd, and said,

Is it decree'd my Heroe ne'er shall rest,
 Ne'er be of me, and I of him possess?
 Scarce had I met his Vertue with my Throne,
 (By Right, by Merit, and by Arms his own)
 But *Ireland's* freedom and the Wars alarms
 Call'd him from me and his *Maria's* Charms.
 Oh gen'rous Prince! too prodigally kind,
 Can the diffusive Goodness of your Mind
 Be in no bounds, but of the World, confin'd?
 Shou'd sinking Nations summon You away,
Maria's Love might justify Your stay.
 Imperfectly the many Vows are paid,
 Which for your Safety to the Gods were made,
 While, on the *Boyne*, they labour'd to out-do
 Your Zeal for *Albion* by their Care for You;
 When too impatient of a glorious Ease,
 You tempt new Dangers on the Winter-Seas.
 The *Belgick State* has rested long secure
 Within the Circle of thy Guardian Power;

B

Rear'd

Rear'd by thy care that noble *Lyon*, grown
 Mature in strength, can range the Woods Alone:
 When to my Arms they did the Prince resign,
 I blest the Change, and thought Him wholly mine;
 Conceiv'd Long hopes I jointly shou'd obey
 His stronger, and *Maria's* gentle Sway,
 He fierce as Thunder, she as Lightning bright;
 One my Defence, and t'other my Delight.
 Yet go---where Honour calls the Heroe, go;
 Nor let your eyes behold how mine do flow;
 Go, meet your Country's joy, your Vertue's due,
 Receive their Triumphs, and prepare for new;
 Inlarge my Empire, and let *France* afford
 The next large Harvest to thy prosperous Sword;
 Again in *Crecy* let my Arms be rear'd,
 And o'er the *Continent* *Britannia* fear'd;
 While under *Mary's* tutelary Care,
 Far from the Danger, or the Noise of War,
 In honourable Pleasure I possess
 The Spoils of Conquest, and the Charms of Peace.
 As the *Great Lamp* by which the Globe is blest,
 Constant in toil, and ignorant of rest,
 Thrô diff'rent Regions does his Course pursue,
 And leaves one World but to revive a new;

While,

While, by a pleasing Change, the Queen of Night
 Relieves his Lustre with a milder Light :
 So when your Beams do distant Nations clear,
 The Partner of your Crown shall mount the Sphere,
 Able Alone my Empire to sustain,
 And carry on the Glories of thy Reign---
 But why has fate maliciously decree'd,
 That greatest blessings must, by turns succeed ?

Here she relented, and would urge his stay
 By all that fondness and that grief could say ;
 But soon did her presaging thoughts employ
 On Scenes of Triumphs and returning Joy :
 Thus, like the Tide, while her unconstant breast
 Was swell'd with Rapture, by Despair deprest,
 Fate call'd ; The Heroe must his way pursue,
 And her cries lessen'd as the shore withdrew.

The Winds were silent, and the *Gentle* Main
 Bore an Auspicious Omen of his Reign,
 When *Neptune*, owning whom those Seas obey,
 Nodded, and bad the chearful *Tritons* play.
 Each chose a diff'rent Subject for their Lays,
 But *Orange* was the Burthen of their Praise :

Some

Some in their strains up to the Fountain run,
 From whence this stream of Vertue first begun;
 Others chose Heroes of a later date,
 And sung the * *Founder* of the neighb'ring State, * William.
 How daringly he Tyranny withstood,
 And seal'd his Country's freedom with his Blood,
 Then to the two illustrious † *Brethren* came, † Maurice and Henry.
 The glorious Rivals of their Father's Fame:
 And to the || *Youth*, whose pregnant hopes out-ran || William.
 The steps of Time, and early shew'd the Man,
 For whose Alliance Monarchs did contend,
 And gave a Daughter to secure a Friend.
 But as, by Nature's Law, the Phoenix dies,
 That from its Urn a Nobler Bird may rise,
 So fate ordain'd the Parent soon shou'd set
 To make the Glories of * *his Heir* compleat. * His present Majesty.

At *William's* Name each fill'd his vocal shell,
 And on the happy Sound rejoic'd to dwell;
 Some sung his Birth, and how discerning Fate
 Sav'd Infant Vertue against powerful hate,
 Of pois'nous Snakes by young *Alcides* quell'd,
 And *Palms* that spread the more, the more with-hold.
 Some sung *Seneffe*, and early Wonders done
 By the bold Youth, Himself a War Alone;

And

And how his firmer Courage did oppose
 His Country's foreign and intestine Foes,
 The *Lion* He who held their *Arrows* close,
 Others sung *Perseus*, and the injur'd Maid,
 Redeem'd by the wing'd Warrior's timely Aid;
 Or in mysterious Numbers did unfold
 Sad modern truths wrapt up in tales of old,
 How *Saturn*, flush'd with Arbitrary Power,
 Design'd his Lawful Issue to devour,
 But *Jove*, (reserv'd for better fate) withstood
 The black Contrivance of the doating God;
 With Arms he came, His guilty Father fled,
 ('Twas *Italy* secur'd his frighted Head)
 And by his Flight resign'd his empty Throne
 And Tripple Empire to his Worthier Son.

Then in one note their Artful force they joyn,
 Eager to reach the *Victor* and the *Boyne*;
 How on the wond'ring Bank the Heroe stood,
 Lavishly bold and desperately Good;
 Till fate, designing to convince the Brave
 That they can dare no more than Heav'n can save,
 Let Death approach, and yet withheld the sting,
 Wounded the *Man*, distinguishing the *King*.

They had enlarg'd, but found the strain too strong, A
 And in soft notes allay'd the bolder Song:
 Flow, gentle *Boyne*, (they cry'd) and round thy Bed
 For ever may victorious Wreaths be spread;
 No more may Travellers desire to know
 Where *Simois* and *Granicus* did flow;
 Nor *Rubicon*, a poor forgotten Stream,
 Be, or the Soldiers rant, or Poet's theme;
 All Waters shall unite their Fame in Thee,
 Lost in thy Waves as those are in the Sea.

They breath'd afresh, unwilling to give o'er;
 And begg'd thick mists long to conceal the shore;
 Smooth was the Liquid Plain; the sleeping Wind,
 More to the Sea, than to its Master, kind,
 Detain'd a Treasure, which we value more
 Than All the Deep e're hid, or Waters bore.
 But He, with a Superior Genius born,
 Treats Chance with Insolence, and Death with Scorn,
 Darknes and Ice in vain obstruct his way,
Holland is near, and *Nature* must obey;
 Charg'd with our hopes the Boat Securely rode,
 For *Cesar* and *His Fortune* were the Load.

With

With eager transport *Belgia* met her Son;
 Yet trembling for the danger He had run;
 Till, certain of her Joy, she bow'd her Head,
 Confest her Lord, blest his return, and said;

If Passion by long Absence does improve,
 And makes that Rapture which before was Love;
 Think on my old, my intermitted bliss,
 And by my former pleasure measure this;
 Not by these feeble Pillars which I raise,
 Unequal to sustain the Heroe's praise,
 Too faint the Colours, and too mean the Art
 To represent Your Glories, or my Heart:
 These humble Emblems are design'd to show,
 Not how we wou'd Reward, but what we Owe.
 Here from your Childhood take a short review
 How *Holland's* happiness advanc'd with you;
 How her stout Vessel did in Triumph ride,
 And mock'd the storms, while *Orange* was her Guide.
 What since has been our Fate-----I need not say,
 (Ill suiting with the blessings of the day.)
 Our better fortune with our Prince was gone,
 Conquest was only there where He led on.
 Like the *Palladium*, wheresoe'er you go
 You turn all Death and Danger on the Foe.

In you we but too sadly understood
 How Angels have their *Spheres* of doing good,
 Else the same Soul which did your Troops possess,
 And Crown'd their daring Courage with Success,
 Had taught our Fleet to triumph o'er the Main,
 And *Fleurns* had been still a guiltless Plain.
 What pity 'tis, ye Gods! an arm and mind
 Like Yours, shou'd be to time and place confin'd?
 But Thy return shall fix our kinder fate,
 For Thee our Councils, Thee our Armies wait;
 Discording Princes shall with Thee combine,
 And center all their Interests in Thine;
 Proud of Thy friendship, shall forego their sway,
 As *Rome* Her great Dictator did obey;
 And all united make a *Gordian* knot,
 Which neither Craft shall loose, nor Force shall cut.

ADVERTISEMENT.

AN Epistle to *Charles* Earl of *Dorset* and *Middlesex*, Lord Chamberlain
 of His Majesty's Household. Occasioned by His Majesty's late Visitation
 in *Ireland*. By *Charles Montague*, Esq;